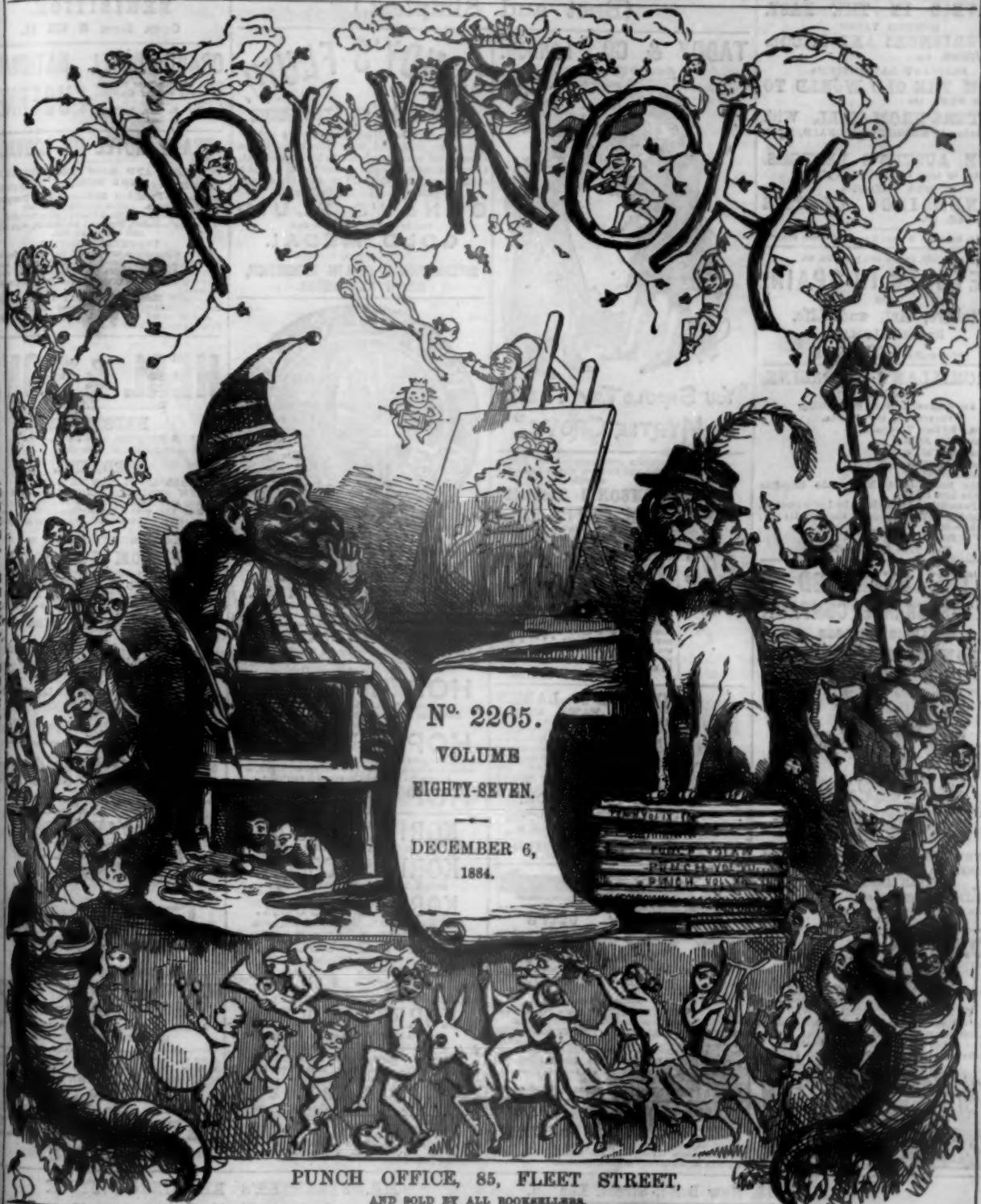


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LETTERS TO SOME PEOPLE

ABOUT OTHER PEOPLE'S BUSINESS.

(On the Successful "Candidate" at the Criterion.)

MY DEAR MR. PRIVATE SECRETARY PENLEY,

You are busily engaged every night, and twice a week in the daytime, at the Globe, so you will not be able to see *The Candidate*, recently produced at the Criterion, in which there is also a



The Cry-teary 'un.

of the theme of *Un Mari à la Campagne*, which will continue to serve as a model, and supply the materials, for all plays whose motive is the excuse made by a gay husband for absenting himself from a dull home and a tyrannising mother-in-law. The two COQUELINS played the parts that are here taken by Mr. CHARLES WYNDHAM and Mr. GIDDENS, but there can be no comparison between the French and English performance, as the rendering is totally distinct. The elder COQUELIN played the *Député* much as CHARLES MATTHEWS might have played it. COQUELIN *cadet* made the Secretary a hard, matter-of-fact, common-place man, without the gentlemanly tone that characterises Mr. GIDDENS' *Bafin*; and a Private Secretary, who has been to a public school and a university, should at all events look like a gentleman, even though he appear as a clerical gentleman, shouldn't he? By the way, why is your Private Secretary attired as a High-Church Parson? I suppose the only answer is, that in any other costume he wouldn't have been half as funny. However, you are anxious to know all about *The Candidate*, *so à nos moutons*—though if ever a man looked a *mouton* on the stage, it is your bath-bun—devouring, orange—sucking, nose-wiping Curate known as *The Private Secretary*. The performance of *Le Député* was far more sedate than that of *The Candidate*, so that the incidents seemed less farcical on the stage of the *Français* than at the Criterion. Admitting that in the Royalist and Republican hits of the French original there is not the same interest for a Londoner as there is in the jokes at the expense of both Conservatives and Radicals which form the most telling parts of the dialogue at the Criterion, I still think that *The Candidate* is brighter, brisker, and, which is, after all, the real point, far more amusing here than it was in Paris. For my part, I consider *The Candidate* a vast Mr. C. Wyndham; or, Charles the First at the Criterion.

Mr. MALLEY has a sleepy part in it, very like something else he played in another piece at this theatre—I forget what—it doesn't matter; but he is just as good as he was then. Mr. BLAKELEY plays a kind of *Aminadab Sleek*, an old-fashioned sort of part, that an audience would not be nowadays inclined to take to kindly, unless in a piece as humorous as this, when the ex-Missionary hasn't much to do, and nothing turns on his Mawwormish cant. Otherwise, this is a dangerous character, and he belongs not to *Le Député* at all, but to



Un Mari à la Campagne, where, in my opinion, he had better have been left. The women are well acted, but their characters, from the nature of the case, are of only secondary importance. Miss FANNY COLEMAN is excellent as the snappish Mother-in-law, who would sacrifice domestic happiness to her True-blue Tory partisanship. She can condone any crime in a Conservative; she cannot pardon a single fault in a Radical. She is supposed to be under the thumb of the oily, codfish-eyed ex-Missionary, Mr. BLAKELEY,—but how, is not very clear, and is not strongly insisted on.

Mr. CHARLES WYNDHAM has not had such a part for a very long time, and he is the life and the soul of the piece. Without him I do not believe that even the sharp rattling dialogue could make it go, for without him it would lose its persistent brilliancy. Were any halts and pauses permitted between the flashes of wit, the result would be weariness. As it is, the piece speeds along at high pressure—express—from first to last; and I am sure Mr. HAWTREY, your Manager and Author, will be pleased to hear that there isn't a dull moment in the two hours' entertainment, from nine to eleven, at the Criterion.

I hear that Mr. BEERBOHM-TREE, the original representative of your character, has made a hit as a Journeyman Baker, — as you would say, in the rôle of a baker, — in Mr. COMYNS CARR's *lever du rideau* at the Prince's. When they put it later, I shall go and see it, unless, by the way, I see it first and then dine afterwards. Is there any chance of your Manager giving a Shakespearian matinée? I should like to see you as the *Apothecary* in *Romeo and Juliet*, or as *Peter*, the *Nurse's* page, who, because SHAKESPEARE has given him so little of his own that is fit for ears polite, is obliged to have the part made up out of what other servants have to say, or else poor *Peter* wouldn't have a dozen lines of his own left for him to speak. This is robbing Peter and Paul too. But supposing those two parts—*Peter* and the *Apothecary* whom *Romeo* "remembers," — were in a modern play—say by Mr. WILLS—wouldn't a Low Comedian of position refuse to play either of them unless the Author consented to "write them up?" And would any Manager, in the first instance, offer such parts to either yourself or Mr. HILL?—though perhaps Mr. W. J. HILL, in a part so physically suited to him as that of the *Apothecary* (i.e., supposing it occurred in a modern piece by WILLS or HERMAN), might be induced to undertake it for a consideration, on the chance of its turning out a great attraction.

No time for any more, as I have to write my own letters, and there is no Private Secretary for

Yours truly, NIBBS.

STAY, PRITHEE STAY!

(From Mr. Punch to Mr. Russell Lowell, on hearing of his intended return to America, and renouncing his official duties.)

RUSSELL BIG-LOW-ELL! Going! Nay, you won't. And we're so fond of you. Think twice, and "Don't." Let some one come your office-work to tackle. You don't affect the "Government by ouckle." No, Sir, I cacklate that you can't fix Things as us you'd have 'em in home polities; No, you can't right what's wrong,—we're also sure That you can't write what's wrong in literature. Big-Low-ELL, stay! No? Well, since we can't start with you, Fare— No, we cannot say it. We won't part with you.

SPINSTER SUFFRAGE.

So Mr. WOODALL, in the House of Commons, brings forward a Bill to extend the franchise to Eligible Single Women. What will be the use of that to them? The great majority of eligible single women will very soon cease to be single, and then wedlock will disqualify them from voting. How, in the meanwhile, to distinguish the eligible single women from the ineligible?



Portrait of the Godfather of the Adapted Candidate.



AN ESSAY BY A PUPIL-TEACHER.

Rector (reads). "HORSE-RACING IS A FAVOURITE PASTIME OF THE ARISTOCRACY AND OTHER BLACKGUARDS. JOCKEYS ARE FED ON GIN FROM CHILDHOOD, TO STOP THEIR GROWTH. THE RACEROUSE IS A SCENE OF DRUNKENNESS, PROFANITY, AND VICE, RUINOUS ALIKE TO BODY AND SOUL. THE NEXT IMPORTANT EVENT IS THE ST. LEOBE. THE FAVOURITE IS RATUATCHER, BUT FATHER SAYS THE STRAIGHT TIP IS BLUNNOSE."

PSYCHOGRAPHY ON THE SLATES.

(By Our Own Investigator.)

My scepticism as to the nature of spiritual manifestations, so called, having been somewhat shaken by recent reports of a *réunion* at which phenomena of that description are stated to have astonished the strong mind even of an illustrious Statesman, I resolved personally to witness an exhibition of them, for the purpose of testing their reality. With that view, in concert with a small party of friends, I sought and obtained, by the usual means, an appointment with the well-known Medium, Mr. JENKINSON, saying to myself that will be the surest way to go in for investigation—*Medio tutissimum ibis*.

We assembled, by agreement, at the Medium's own residence in one of the principal streets of a fashionable neighbourhood, where he occupied a first-floor. Our *réunion* took place in a little back-room, in whose centre was a light mahogany table, around which we sat, in broad daylight; myself close to the Medium, on his right hand—not, please to observe, over the left.

Mr. JENKINSON produced a number of slates from a stock at hand, and permitted me to clean them on both sides with a wet sponge and a dry duster. He also placed before us several crumbs of slate-pencil and fragments of differently coloured chalks. I selected a piece of pencil, and placed it between two of the slates, which I bound firmly together with two yards' length of twine well rubbed in with cobblers'-wax, of which I had brought a quantity with me in my side-pocket, wherein it had got so warm that it stuck fast, and was removed with difficulty. However, the slates having been tied to one another as tight as wax could make them, the Medium took them in his right hand, and held them with his fingers under the table, and his thumb resting on the top of it, so that there could be no deception, so far, and no mistake. Almost immediately we heard a sound of writing between the slates, and, at its cessation, a few

slight raps. The Medium then handed me the slates from under the table, and on unbinding them we found, written on the lower one, distinctly, in a Schoolboy's roundhand, the aphorism, "Variety is charming." To this was appended, in the same handwriting, "A Spirit wishes to communicate."

Two other slates were now secured as before, and held by the Medium in the same way. The sound of writing was repeated for some instants; and, when the slates were separated, the under slate presented the judgmental caricature of a human figure, such as youth are accustomed to delineate on gateposts and walls. To this succeeded a sum in long division, of considerable extent, under which, still in the abovenamed youthful calligraphy, was the following modification of a piece of poetry once familiar to young gentlemen of the Old School:—

"Multiplication was vexation,
Division was as bad;
The Rule of Three confounded me,
And practice drove me mad."

DOBSON JUNIOR."

To my unspeakable amazement I recognised the foregoing signature as that of a schoolfellow of mine who had long ago passed into the Summer Land, in consequence, it was supposed, of having one day eaten an inordinate quantity of apple-dumpling. Interrogated further by means of the slates, he declared himself one of the Medium's "controls," usually communicating by the name of "JOEY," and as to his circumstances in the spiritual spheres, he professed that he was "awfully jolly." I felt sensible of a certain anachronism in the employment of this phrase, which "Dobson Junior" alias "JOEY" in his day could never have heard of, and I can't make out the spiritual partnership that seems to exist between "JOEY," and Mr. JENKINSON; but there are more things in Heaven and Earth than are dreamt of in thy philosophy, or that any fellow can be expected to understand.

WHISTLER SUFFOLK-ATED.

[Mr. WHISTLER has just been elected a member of the Incorporated Society of British Artists, whose Winter Exhibition, in Suffolk Street, opened last Monday.]

WHISTLER in Suffolk Street, oh, what a jolly day,
Artists will have when our JAMES shows his face;
E'en in the R. A.'s will for once take a holiday,
Seeing what pictures he sends to the place.
Will they be etchings or Nocturnes erratical?
Will they be Symphonies wondrously made?
Still he's elected a member, and that I call
Strangest of compliments ever was paid.

Suffolk Street's staid and so truly respectable,
Everything there is conventional stuff,
CAUTY is good, and GLINDONI delectable,
Pictures, too, come from the average miff.
HOLYOAKE's there who has taught the Academy,
SADLER we see, who MARKS imitates well,
Dealers in pictures by him if they had 'em, he
Knows, have got work that is certain to sell.

Good water-colours are seen if we look for them,
Here JAMES MACCULLOCH's bright colours are true,
BLACKBURN methinks should bring out a new book for
them,
Giving them sketches of all they can do.
Recently, too, they have done up the gallery,
Gorgeous it looks in its new-fashioned dress,
While they've elected the "greenery-yallery"
WHISTLER, and may the show be a success!

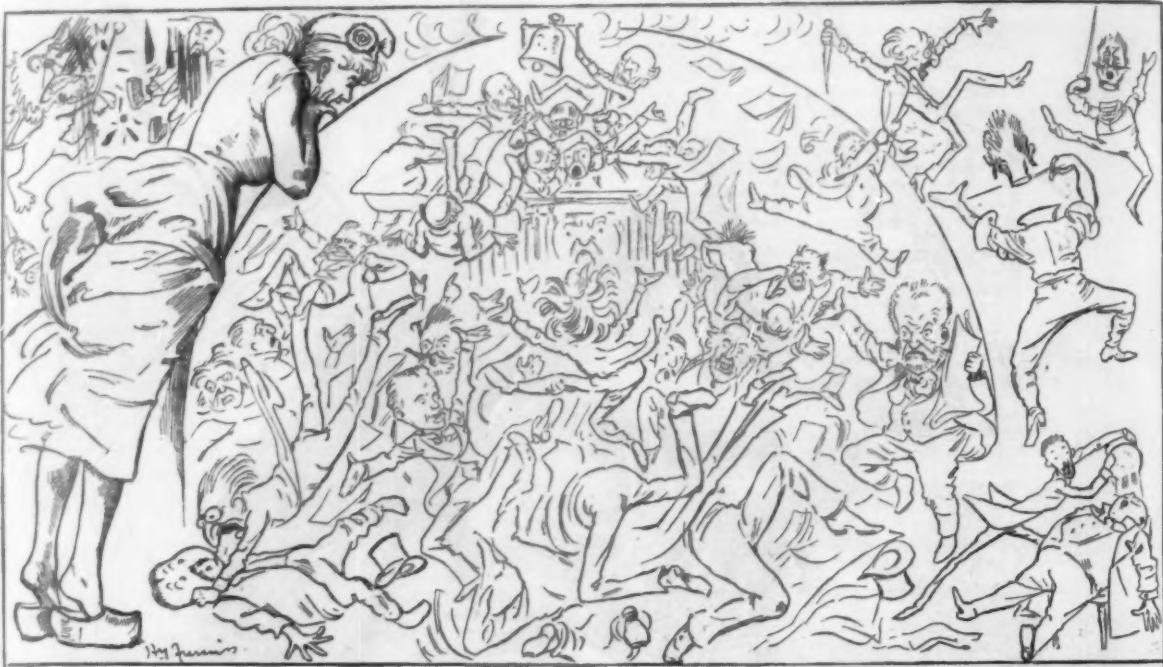
NOTES OF SONGS.—"Bid me Good-bye! P. TOSTI" Certainly, with pleasure. Good-bye, P. TOSTI; or, with greater pleasure, we will reply in the words of the very next advertised song, by Miss CAROLINE LOTHIAN, "Farewell, yet not Farewell!" Write an antibacchanalian song P(lease) TOSTI, with the accompaniment of a Temperance movement in T flat, as a warning against anything like 'Tosti-cation.'

TOUCHING APPEAL.—Subscriptions are constantly being sought for in order to "raise a sinking fund." We sympathise sincerely with the appeal. A friend of ours says that his funds are always sinking, and wants to know if some charitably disposed persons cannot help him to raise them



NOVEMBER NOTES.

A LEAF FROM THE FRENCH "CHAMBERS" JOURNAL.



PARLIAMENTARY VIEWS: : HOW THEY MANAGE IN FRANCE

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Barking, Saturday, Nov. 29.

DEAR AND RESPECTED MASTER,
 EXCUSES ma "franchise," but "Essence of Parliament" is this week represented by $\frac{x}{x}$, and that's the reason Y. So no more at present from

Your fond and faithful TOBY.

"Confound his algebraical impudence!" exclaimed Mr. Punch. "He's beginning Xmassing already. When he returns, I shall make Master TOBY sit up." Then the Sage of Fleet Street redistributed his unshioned seats, lit a cigar, and finished the interesting article on "Mr. GLADSTONE" in the *Fortnightly*.

"TEMPORA MUTANTUR."

"It is anticipated that the new method of dividing the clock-dial into the entire twenty-four hours of the day and night as already publicly adopted by the authorities at Greenwich, will soon come into general use, and be found to greatly simplify all time calculations."—*Daily Paper*.

Fly-leaf from the New Time-keeper's Phrase-book.

We must try and get to the Concert to-night by twenty-to-twenty. Certainly, I shall not be later; for I do not wish to miss that charming old song, "Meet me in the Lane when the Clock strikes Twenty-one."

Very good, we shall have a sharp and early dinner, at which I hope you will join us; say, at a quarter-to-nineteen.

Can't. I'm so sorry, but I've promised to drop in to Seventeen o'Clock Tea with the ROBBINS.

Dear me, I thought Mrs. R. was still giving her early Fifteen o'Clocks.

So she is, for the little people; *à propos* how capitally they got through that Nursery Part Song! You know it, of course?

"Dickory, Dickory dock,
 The Mouse ran up the Clock;
 The Clock struck Thirteen,—
 And the Mouse turned green
 From the mere effect of the shock!"

Ha! ha! Very pretty. Well, a quarter to nineteen sharp, then; and remember I have got to catch the twenty-four forty-eight.

WHY.

(According to the Croakers.)

THE First Lord of the Admiralty is satisfied with a moderate vote because—

1. He says "he really wouldn't know what on earth to do with a larger one;"

2. If anything is wrong,—well, it isn't *his* fault;
 3. Everybody knows well enough, whatever they may say, that "BRITANNIA rules the waves," and that one Englishman is worth five Frenchmen.

4. NELSON won the Battle of Trafalgar, and won it without a single Iron-clad.

5. He has every confidence in the cheerful sagacity and foresight of his worthy colleagues.

6. Statistics prove nothing;

7. If it comes to facts and figures, he doesn't suppose an enterprising evening paper "knows so very much more about a Torpedo than he does."

8. There's lots of time to take proper measures when a reasonable occasion arrives.

9. He never, in his experience, knew Europe more amiable or tranquil.

10. If they were to come bothering the country with another threepence on the Income-Tax, no matter for what purpose, the country would soon dispense with the services of the present Government.

11. When the country did dispense with the services of the present Government, there would most infallibly be an end of the British Empire; and

12. When there was an end of the British Empire, there would be no longer any necessity for engaging the services of a thoughtful, shrewd, sagacious, sanguine, and, above all, economically-disposed First Lord of the Admiralty.

AN UNDECIDED CHARACTER.—Winter has not made up his mind what he's going to be. Old-fashioned, cold, snowy, and Siberian, or after the modern classically-draped Christmas card Cupid style, or muggy, slimy, and miserable? Will he be hard on us, or—Hark! 'tis Winter wrapping his mantle round him, and muttering like the heavy villain of old Melodrama, "But soft! I must December—I mean dissemble!" Then exit November, and enter December.



Rajah Randolph (singing). "Hark! 'tis the Indian Drum —"
Rajah Gorst (soothingly). "No; we must leave the Drum behind. Don't
Drummy, WOLFPY dear!"

[It is probable that Mr. Gorst may revisit India on professional business
during the Recess, joining Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL later.] —*Daily
News, Nov. 27.*

SUMMER IN WINTER.

(A Rhyme at the Winter Exhibition of the Royal Society of Painters in Water-Colours.)

O SWEET when December draws nigh, to forget it in pleasanter
"drawings,"
Such as (say) ALBERT GOODWIN's "Strayed Sheep," where you
fancy you hear the rooks' cawings;
To step from the stir of Pall Mall to "The Rover at Rest." (He
who would win
His way into fairyland surely may find cicerone in GOODWIN.)
With delf J. D. WATSON to dip in that snug "Bather's Pool," on
the quiet,—
Delicious retreat, where in Thompson-like visions the fancy may
riot!—
Or gaze on that other "Retreat," not by any means peaceful or
tender,
Which brave Sir JOHN GILBERT depicts with such dash and chro-
matical splendour.
The wild "Western Highlands" to gaze on, with dainty-brush'd
dear BIRKET-FOSTER,
Mrs. ALLINGHAM's charming "Old Place," with attractions for poet
or coster.
In child-joy and cabbage-beds. PILSHUTY's true "Village Homes"
'midst such scenery
As 'witches the true English heart with its peaceful and pastoral
greenery;
With JACKSON at Greenlands or Henley the Thames stream to wander
or sit by;
Or with graceful DU MAURIER take a long lingering "Last Look at
Whitby."
Sweet, in fact, when without the cold grip of old Winter your nose
tweaks and ruddies,
To find Summer and sun in the Winter "Exhibition of Sketches and
Studies,"
At No. 54, Pall Mall, East, in the R. S. P. W. Gallery.
And he who would miss such a joy is deserving of merciless railing;
For precious the Art that can show the dull work-a-day world Nature's
playtime,
And brighten the dark, drear December with bright reminiscence of
May-time!

Hawful Hignorence of the Hupper Classes!

I WAS oisinating lately in my perfeahal capacity at a dinner of
one of the werry ighest Livery Companys, at witch a gent from the
north of Skotland was present, who, I was told, was a Skotah
Common Councilman. Wen I was a taking of the Shampain round,
I sez to him sez I, Click O, or Hideandseek, Sir? And may I never
taste another drop of '47 Port—not '74, Mr. HATLESS—if he didn't
look up at me and say, "Not neether, thank 'ye, but I shood like a
nice glass of Shampain!" — ROBERT.

REMARKABLE THEATRICAL FEAT.

MR. J. L. TOOLE has done some remarkable things in the way of
playing in an unknown quantity of pieces on the same day in different
towns, but last week, according to the following advertisement from
the *Sussex Daily News* (Friday, November 28), he quite surpassed
himself. Read this:—

A MINT OF MONEY.—TO-NIGHT.—TOOLE as Kerosine Tred-
gold to-night. (First Time in Brighton.) Benefit and Last Two
Nights of the Eminent Comedian, Mr. J. L. TOOLE, and his own London
Theatre Company. TO-NIGHT (FRIDAY), NOVEMBER 28, Benefit of Mr.
J. L. TOOLE. (For the first time in Liverpool), the popular Comedy in
Three Acts, A MINT OF MONEY. Kerosine Tredgold, Mr. J. L. TOOLE.
After which Mr. TOOLE will deliver his famous Burlesque Lectures, and say
a few words to his friends.

Sir BOYLE ROCHE's Bird may retire from business after this. How
the eminent Comedian could have appeared the same night at the
same time in the same piece at Liverpool and at Brighton puzzles us
to comprehend. At last we can understand the advertisement which
has so frequently puzzled us of "TOOLE in Two Pieces." Let us
hope, by this time, that he has managed to "pull himself together."
He should recollect that "it is never TOOLE late to mend!"

ALTERATIONS FOR THE UNDERGROUND RAILWAY.

(Suggested by an Indulgent Public.)

EVERY Engine to be fitted with a silent, non-screeching steam-
whistle.

Carriage-doors to be self-sliding and self-containing.

The Electric Light to be laid on everywhere with movable hand-
lamps for all the compartments.

The Guards to be graduates of Oxford and Cambridge.

The Porters to hold certificates for pure, nervous, polished English
from Mr. WALTER LACY.

The Ticket-Clerks to have learned politeness as attachés in the
Foreign Office.

The Stationmasters to have passed successfully for the Indian
Civil Service.

The Tunnels to be open at the top, and to be watered every quarter
of an hour with Ess. Bouquet.

The Third-Class Waiting-Rooms to be furnished with best morocco
and solid Spanish mahogany.

The Platforms to be laid with Turkey carpet.

The Buffets to contain unlimited gratuitous luncheon, supplied at
the expense of the Directors.

Every Lady Passenger to receive a bouquet, and every Gentleman
a cigar, on entering the station.

And all Classes to be carried anywhere and everywhere for
nothing!

Curious.

THIS is from the *Daily Telegraph* :—

A LADY, with one little girl, of large experience, aged 30, a SITUATION as responsible Housekeeper or Manageress. Salary no object. Testimonials unexceptionable.

No doubt this Lady's testimonials are unexceptionable. Though
her daughter, doubtless, has large experience, one would hardly call
her a Girl at thirty, and certainly not little. We are not quite clear
who wants the situation, whether it is the Lady or the Little Girl
aged Thirty.

"C'EST GAI . . . MAIS C'EST TRISTE."—In Brussels a new Comic
paper has appeared entitled *Le Choléra*. It is advertised as
"paraisant toutes les semaines," and the first number illustrated
(there are three small skulls and cross-bones on the frontispiece), has
been forwarded to us. The subscription for the year is ten francs
for natives, twelve for foreigners, and a "prix très minime" is fixed
for "annonces et réclames." What next? This *Choléra* marks
quite a new era in journalism. There is yet hope, however; for we
have not seen a second number.

CHANGE OF NAME.—Owing to the unanimity with which the
Powers assembled at Berlin have disposed of the Central African
Question, it has been decided that the *Congo* shall henceforth be
known as the *Nem. Con-go!*

How doth the little Bizzy B-ISMARCK? Not particularly well just
now. And if, after all his attempts at Conciliation, France regards
him distrustfully, this will be very bitter, in fact quite Gaul to him.



AN INDUCEMENT.

Mamma (with silken thread in her hands). "Do be BRAVE, AND HAVE IT OUT, MAGGIE; IT WILL BE ALL OVER IN A SECOND!"
Tommy. "YES, AND IT WILL BE ONE LESS FOR YOU TO CLEAN, YOU KNOW, MAGGIE!"

THE DUAL UN-CONTROL.

Signor Northbrookini loquitur:—

Houp-la! Yes, it's all very fine,
But I feel most confoundedly queer;
And these oddly-matched horses of mine
Are decidedly awkward to steer.
If "steer" is the right word, which, I fear,
Is a question I cannot decide
In my shaky position up here,
With the brutes I'm instructed to ride.

Look at 'em! Now, does it seem fair
To couple such creatures as these
And call them—great Heavens!—a pair?
One might ride with about as much ease
A Sphinx and a Sea-horse. Do, please,
Mr. Ring-master, steady that whip.
There's a terrible strain on my knees,
And I'm sadly afraid I shall slip.

Talk of horse-marines? Look at my pose—
Like a model Colossus askew!
A monkey, with prehensile toes,
Might feel safe, but I'm dashed if I do.
Were Pegasus yoked with a "screw,"
I might manage to stick to each saddle,
But my chances of shining seem few
O'er this nondescript couple a-straddle.

Houp-la! Well, I'm trying my best;
But whether I'm safe for the goal
Remains to be put to the test.

I feel doubtful myself, on the whole;
They seem rather beyond my control.
These two nags,—and your face wears a frown,
Mr. Ring-master. Lord, how they roll,
Swerve, and shy! Don't I wish I were down!

A WORD AND, A WORRY.

In the language of journals and reviews, *Mr. Punch*, there are certain—and uncertain—words and phrases, which, like some dramatic productions, get repeated with such frequency that they may be said to have a "run." In addition to "elastic," "elasticity," "tension," "strained relations," and so forth, an old word has lately been adopted, seemingly in a new sense, to express a peculiar shade of meaning—the word "fairly;" as "fairly proficient," "fairly industrious," "fairly successful." It appears intended to signify something more than "moderately" or "passably," and something less than "fully" or "perfectly," perhaps as nearly as possible "satisfactory in the circumstances, all things considered." But now it has come to recur so very often, that its repetition is felt to be considerably tiresome, like the posters on the railways, at station after station, advertising soap, and coco, and mustard, and corn-flour, which in interminable succession weary the passenger's mind and eye. "Fairly," indeed, may be a fairly handy term; but isn't it rather unfairly hackneyed, and all the rather that it is so vague as to be scarcely quite intelligible, whilst it constitutes a tautology which ought to be looked to, inasmuch as it decidedly amounts to a bit of a bore. In a fairly critical spirit, I trust, of comment on a trivial and slightly tiresome expression, permit me to express myself

Yours particularly,

PERTESUS.

P.S.—Without flattery, Sir, I beg to congratulate you on your invariable rule of animadverting on everything and everybody as fairly even as facetiously.

BARLOWANA.—A Schoolmaster residing in X—in the county of Y—, won't allow his pupils to read Froude's *History*. However, he caught one of his young friends so eagerly reading it behind a bush in the garden that his tutor's approach was unobserved. The instructor of youth gave the delinquent two hundred lines of MILTON's *Paradise Lost* to write out and learn by heart, as an appropriate punishment for disobedience, to remind him of his being in the Garden devouring the forbidden Froude.



DUAL UN-CONTROL.

SIGNOR NORTHBROOKINI, THE STAR RIDER, IN HIS "DARING ACT" ON TWO HORSES.

and the author of the book, and the date of publication.



Author's name: [unclear]
Title of book: [unclear]
Date of publication: [unclear]

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THE BEST COURSE TO STEER.



Old Salt. "Belay there, my hearties! You're both of you anxious for the safety of the Mariner, so shake hands, and be friends."

THE row 'twixt CHAMBERLAIN and TYNDALL
Away to nothing let it dwindle,
And neither side the flame rekindle.

LONDON IN NOVEMBER.

LIFE in London in November should be pleasant to remember, When "each separate dying ember," as the bard remarked before, Casts its dancing shadow o'er us, though no raven comes to bore us With its everlasting chorus of an aimless "Nevermore!"

Here's our London grown more chilly, and leaves fall in Piccadilly, Which "or noisy" or when "stilly" LOCKER vowed he loved so well; And the air is sometimes gritty mid the turmoil of the City, Where the Stocks fall, more's the pity, and the brokers buy and sell,

And the streets are full of traffic: it would need a pen more graphic To describe each look seraphic that sometimes you chance to meet; While you see too many faces that recall no vanished graces, And folks walk with painful paces in the long and dreary street.

Life is hard and life is real, and the poet's one ideal
Oft will fade ere it can be all that his fancy dares to linn;
Look far backward through the ages and explore historic pages,
And each picture I'll engage is grown both desolate and dim.

But here's London, and each pleasure ready still in fullest measure,
For the men of ample leisure, and for those who work all day:
And you need not feel a sinner if you lose, or prove a winner,
At the rubber before dinner which the Garrick stagers play.

And the theatres are filling and absorb the nimble shilling
From the public, never willing to leave favourites in the lurch;
But the Stage is overreaching its due bounds when trying teaching.
Leave the Parson to his preaching, that's the mission of the Church.

Here are dinners snug and cosy, where we gaily "pass the rosy,"
While casual symposium can hurt no mortal men;
From the oyster to the pheasant you feel genial and pleasant,
While the perfect number present should be eight or sometimes ten.

So good-bye to you, November; for, excuse us, here's December,
With whom we remember to have spent some pleasant times;
Though white hairs may chance to be trophies of old age, here's
Vade retro!
To Dull Care, where near the Metropolitan delights and chimes.

A BIT AFTER BOZZY.

DOCTOR JOHNSON was informed that a certain girl, the plaintiff in an action for breach of promise of marriage against a young man of wealthy connections, had obtained £10,000 damages. "Sir," said he, "she is a fortunate young woman. Ten thousand pounds, in these times, would be a tolerably handsome amount for a marriage settlement. But, Sir, she has acquired all that money without any marriage, and without any settlement at all, and into the bargain, for aught we know, may have escaped from marrying a simpleton." "Yet stay, Sir," he added, with a hearty laugh, "we do not yet know how much the sum she is said to have secured may have been reduced by legal expenses."

"EN ATTENDANT."

With Mr. Punch's permission, and on the first leisure afternoon, we will avail ourselves of the opportunity recently afforded us by the *Saturday Review*, to re-state a plain matter-of-fact opinion, expressed by one of us a while ago, and since then much commented upon, misquoted, and misrepresented, as to the performance of pure and unadulterated SHAKESPEARE before a theatre-going audience of our own time; that is, of the last quarter of this Nineteenth Century. As to other matters treated of in that same article, wherein the writer got himself a trifle mixed,—and, to quote the *Saturday Reviewer*'s favourite RABELAIS, "by the kibes of our heels, he does not understand the topics"—if Mr. Punch allowed his serenity to be for one instant disturbed, then:—

"He the Far-darter, would so deftly draw his bowstring!
Then would Southampton Street with cries of wounded host ring,
Down, down, they go!
Steel penetrating through each *Saturday Reviewer*,
See them now spitted, like wee larks upon a skewer,
All in a row!"

And, to continue the Rabelaisian jargon which the *Saturday Reviewer* will thoroughly understand and appreciate, were it possible that His Serene Serenity should condescend to indulge these jaypenners and quill-splitters with some spiced spoonfuls of their own beloved Pantagruelism, then might he serve these gnarring, snarling, quereting, prototypal, cacodoxial fluster-blusterers, not, forsooth, with good easchein, bergamot-pears, stately pasties and pan-puddings, but with an undistilled mish-mash flushed out of their own nigratrical, congealed, pestiferous ink-horns, such as Friar JOHANNES poured hotch-potch *quand même*, *holus bolus*, *super illos nolentes volentes*, and down the gaping throats of the Mire-linguists. So, farewell for a while to the pragmatical Sabatical Tergivisiters!

Then there is an ancient pink-tinted well-Conservative'd Spinsters in the Strand, one *Miss Globe*, who, either to excite the charitable compassion of the penny-giving public, or to disarm resentment, is always impressing on everybody that she is the "Oldest Evening Paper," and never loses a chance of raising her voice with its querulous quavering notes,—the very "notes" of senility—in order to scold Mr. Punch, who is utterly unconscious of ever having given the slightest cause of offence to this otherwise worthy old soul. She must not presume too much on the privilege of age. Mr. Punch hopes that she may soon recover her good temper, if not, that she may long live to shake her fist at him and shriek—and prosper. So he politely raises his hat and passes on his way.

"Pray, Goody, please to moderate
The rancour of your tongue."

HARDY ANNUALS.—"Father Christmas"? No, very much nearer Christmas, judging by the appearance of the blooming Annuals. Two first-rate illustrated Shilling's-worths are the Christmas numbers of *The World* and *Truth*. In the former, Mr. BRYAN's caricature likenesses are all excellent, with—ahem!—of course one exception, and we should never have known for whom it was meant if the name hadn't been writ legibly underneath. How people could say that particular one was exactly like, and absolutely flattering, will remain among the few things that are incomprehensible to us. The coloured cards in *Truth*'s are very effective; and in the City they say that *Truth*'s pictures generally are worth their weight in Gould. The lot is only one shilling, so this is an instance of not "buying Gould too dear." And to think that it's a month to Christmas Day! Why, these Christmas Numbers will have passed into history by then!

It is announced that Mr. SCHWADHORST, of "The National Liberal Federation," is, for the benefit of his health, about to sail for India in the same ship with Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL. Extremes meet, and find themselves "in the same boat." What did DOUGLAS JERROLD say about "in the same boat but with different skulls?" Here's their health!





IMPRACTICABLE.

Judge (to Witness). "REPEAT THE PRISONER'S STATEMENT TO YOU, EXACTLY IN HIS OWN WORDS. NOW, WHAT DID HE SAY?"
 Witness. "MY LORD, HE SAID HE STOLE THE PIG—" Judge. "IMPOSSIBLE! HE COULDN'T HAVE USED THE THIRD PERSON!"
 Witness. "MY LORD, THERE WAS NO THIRD PERSON!" Judge. "NONSENSE! I SUPPOSE YOU MEAN THAT HE SAID, 'I STOLE THE PIG'!"
 Witness (shocked). "OH, MY LORD! HE NEVER MENTIONED YOUR LORDSHIP'S NAME!"

[Dismissed ignominiously!]

PAPER-KNIFE POEMS.

By Our Special Book-Marker.

A CHRISTMAS FLOWER-SHOW.

Don't babble of chrysanthemums, don't talk of mistletoe,
 But come and see the wonders of our Christmas Flower-Show!
 There are marvels from MACMILLAN and from others whom you
 know,
 From ROUTLEDGE, FISHER UNWIN, and from MARCUS WARD & Co.;
 There are annuals from Edinburgh, and blossoms from the Row,
 From CASSELL and from BLACKWOOD, and from MARION & Co.;
 From HOGG and CROSBY LOCKWOOD, and BLACKIE and his Son,
 And other noted growers of such piquante Christmas fun!
 I have a tasting-order, and I seldom taste in vain,
 So let's unsheathe the Paper-Knife, and cut and come again!

Miss ADAMS' pleasant *Birthday-Book* you eagerly will con,
 With CURWEN's stirring Memoirs he entitles *Plodding On*;
 And would you study palmistry, I'd have you understand,
 You'll have to read the book by CRAIG—tis called *Your Tricks in*

Hand.

HOPE'S *Stories Out of School-time* you'll carefully peruse;
 Lady ST. CLAIR's *Dainty Dishes* I think you'll ne'er refuse—
 'Tis full of good suggestions, and, it cannot be denied,
 The book is doubly welcome at this jolly Christmastide!
 And then *Self-Help for Women* our most marked attention claims,
 With *Pocket-Dictionary of a Thousand Christian Names*.
 But in *St. George for England*, and likewise *In Freedom's Cause*,
 GEORGE HENTY, also GORDON BROWNE, can't fail to win applause.
 Mrs. MOLESWORTH's *Christmas-Tree Land* great kudos will obtain
 With its clever illustrations deftly drawn by WALTER CRANE.

Flower-Language helps KATE GREENAWAY to keep her fame alive,
 And charming is her *Almanac for Eighteen Eighty-Five*!

GILMAN'S *Magna Charta Stories* will ne'er be left unscanned,
 While boys will go with MANVILLE FENN, with joy, to *Bunyip Land*!
 And how they'll revel in the tale about the Rye-House Plot
 Miss MARY HOWSELL wrote and called *Traitor or Pat-ri-ot*?
 'Tis full of stirring incident, a thrilling story, and
 The pictures are by MURRAY and by C. J. STANILAND.
 The *Baby's Album Series* most undoubtedly is smart,
 And MARION'S *Photographic Guide*'s no foe to graphic art!
 St. JOHNSTON'S *Charlie Asgarde* is a tale for all to read,
 French Prisoners, by EDWARD BERTZ, is very good indeed;
 The *Sunday Scrap Book*, doubtless, will much Bible-lore impart;
 A most attractive volume is the *Magazine of Art*.
 REYNOLDS HOLE's bright *Book of Roses* all growers read with zest;
 VERNON MORWOOD'S *Band of Mercy* is full of interest.
 And brave BON GAULTIER—pictured well by CROWQUILL, DOYLE,
 and LEECH—
 In his matchless *Book of Ballads*, still loves to laugh and teach!

Miss SCANNELL pictures gives in *Play of merry, playful times*,
 While *Nursery Numbers* overflows with joyous laughing rhymes;
Brothers in Arms, a story is by HARRISON well told;
Men Fortunate's a chronicle of rank and fame and gold!
 The *Boys' Own Book* all boys will like—its purpose seldom fails—
 And ev'ry one is sure to read Miss KROEKER'S *Fairy Tales*!
 They are full of fairy fancy, of quaint conceit and fun,
 With pictures by CARRUTHERS GOULD, most admirably done.
 'Mid all the Christmas Artists, I am sure that you cannot
 A wiser or a better find than RANDOLPH CALDECOTT;
 To children of all ages he's indubitably dear,
 Thrice welcome are the *Picture Books* he gives us ev'ry year!

CHRISTMAS TIME ANTICIPATED.—The Theatres seem to be going in for juvenile entertainments—*Nita's First, Babes, Twins, and Our Boys*.



ENGLISH "GENTS" ENJOYING THE MUSIC ON THE LAST NIGHT OF THE PROMENADE CONCERTS.
COVENT GARDEN, MONDAY, NOVEMBER 24.

TRIAL BY JUDGE; OR, WHAT IT IS COMING TO.

(From the *Law Report of the Future*.)

QUEEN'S BENCH DIVISION.

Sittings in Blanks before Mr. Justice Jakins.

ROBINSON v. SMITH.

THIS was the nineteenth day of this action. The Defendant, SMITH, had twice driven an amateur railway furniture-van over the Plaintiff, and these proceedings had, in consequence, been taken on the part of the latter to protect himself from further annoyance. Both the Plaintiff and the Defendant were, as is now usual, unrepresented by Counsel.

Mr. Justice JAKINS on taking his seat said that he wished, before proceeding with the immediate business of the day, to know if he could be of any professional use to the various parties to the several suits that he noticed were set down on the list to follow the present case. He did not wish, of course, to force his advice on anybody, but he felt he could scarcely do less, looking at the handsome amount of his salary, and the present discredited and destitute condition of the Senior Bar, than take any little extra work of this kind, however irregular, cheerfully on his own shoulders. (*Laughter.*)

The remarks of the learned Judge were immediately followed by a rush at the Bench, during which all the Plaintiffs and Defendants concerned in the seven subsequent actions, together with a few stray Solicitors who were swept away with the excitement, managed, after a violent struggle, to reach and take possession of his Lordship's private room.

Mr. Justice JAKINS (*nodding to the Usher*): I shan't be very long. Try to keep 'em quiet.

The learned Judge then left the Bench, and had hardly done so, when the whole body of the Court was suddenly invaded by an infuriated mob of ragged Queen's Counsel, who poured in in the wildest confusion, shouting, singing, and waving their worn-out wigs. The movement had evidently been preconcerted, for on several leading Members of the profession jumping, amid much amusement, on to the table of the Court, and commencing the well-known street-loafers' chorus of "We've got no work to do—do, do," the refrain was eagerly caught up by the surging mass of

Barristers beneath, and sung in unison with deafening effect. This having, spite every effort of the Usher, continued for about two hours and a half, Mr. Justice JAKINS made his reappearance on the Bench. His taking his seat, however, was the signal for a round of groans and hisses from the professional portion of the audience.

Mr. Justice JAKINS: I am afraid this is very irregular; and if it continues I shall, without any regard to the weather, have to take the rest of this case in one of the quadrangles. [*Sensation.*]

Mr. NOTHINGOM HARDUP, Q. C., who spoke in a voice feeble from exhaustion, was understood to say that he and his legal brethren had no wish to impose such an alternative on the learned Judge, only he humbly submitted that as they had a perfect right to be there, though most of them had nothing to eat for a fortnight, he thought something might be done to relieve them. Speaking for himself, he would undertake any case that was offered him on the moment, and without even looking at his brief, conduct it at fourpence an hour, payable, if his client so wished it, later on by instalments on the three years hire system. (*Great laughter.*) Still, he would not mind a little bread-and-cheese on account. (*Renewed laughter.*)

Mr. JUSTICE JAKINS: The old, old plea. Mr. HARDUP! You evidently want to begin with a refresher! (*Roars of laughter.*) But I take it that neither the Plaintiff nor the Defendant here have any special need of your services. We have, I admit, a hitch or two now and then, a little bad law, and a great deal of evidence, that really I can only regard as admissible because it is so extremely entertaining. Still, I am on the spot to set matters right; and, speaking from a now rather lengthy experience of what I may call "personally conducted" cases, I think you know, take them all round, they are really, to use a familiar expression, "rather fun." Go on, Mr. ROBINSON. (*Referring to his notes.*) You had just described to us the remarkable feats of horsemanship the Plaintiff's great uncle said his niece witnessed at the Crystal Palace in the year 1867. It is not very material, perhaps, but it is an excellent description; and I think that, as far as I am concerned, I should like to hear it all over again.

THE DEFENDANT: He oughtn't to do that, my Lord?

Mr. JUSTICE JAKINS: Oh! yes, he ought! (*Great laughter.*)

The Witness was about to proceed with his evidence, when the Court, amid threatening manifestations from the Bar, adjourned for lunch.



"CROP AND STOCK—RETROSPECTS."

THE TRUTH ABOUT TRUTH.

"VERY glad to see you," said Truth, courteously.

"I should perhaps apologise for this intrusion," observed Our Interviewer, tentatively.

"Apologise?" cried Truth. "Not at all! I am *always* 'At Home,' so no intrusion is possible. But it's so seldom anybody calls on me now, that a little momentary surprise at your appearance may be pardoned."

"Surprise!" ejaculated Our Interviewer, expressing it in his intonation.

"Why, certainly," said Truth. "Haven't had a visitor for an age. Quite a hermit now. You see I'm no longer 'interesting' in these sensational days, and have so many attractive rivals, that really I begin to accept seclusion as my doom, and no more expect to be consulted than a discredited Q.C., or a *passée* Society Beauty."

"But, Madam," said Our Interviewer, gravely, "there are so many—so ever increasingly many—who speak in your name, and boast of your direct inspiration, that I cannot—"

He was interrupted by a burst of silvery, but slightly sardonic laughter. "Of nine-tenths of these persons," said Truth, "I know no more than as though my haunt were really at the bottom of a well, and buckets quite unknown."

"It might almost be supposed," rejoined Our Interviewer, "that your residence were much more remote and hard of access, considering the difficulty there appears to be, nowadays, in getting at you. Indeed, my own object in seeking you was, if possible, to induce you to favour the Public more frequently with the light of your countenance."

"Does the Public complain of my non-accessibility?" asked Truth.

"It does—and with reason," responded her visitor, emphatically. "In the simplest matters of contemporary history or policy, your plain record is as hard to get at as the North Pole, or the solution of the Fifteen Puzzle."

"And whose fault is that?" queried Truth, a little sharply.

"Just what I'm trying to ascertain," returned our Interviewer. "The (so-called) Truth about everything, from the state of the Navy to the matrimonial intentions of a popular Actress, is always announced by a hundred oracles, and with tremendous flourish of trumpets. But the Oracles all differ—the various statements of Truth contradict each other diametrically, and the trumpets blare nothing but egotistical defiance and cacophonous confusion."

"That's bad," said Truth, musingly.

"It is bad," rejoined Our Interviewer. "Why, bless your Ladyship's blue, unblinking eyes, you'd think, perhaps, that in these days of electric telegraphs, Press agencies, able experts, and voluminous statistics, it would be the easiest thing in the world for the Public to ascertain with certainty what took place in Egypt last week, which of two Governments spent the more money, or how many swift armed cruisers there are in the British Navy."

"Of course I should," said Truth, simply. "Merely a matter of honest record and plain arithmetic."

"But there is no plain arithmetic, and we have no honest records," retorted Our Interviewer. "Records are garbled and cooked this way and that, till the secret of *Huon* is simple to them. As to plain arithmetic, it would require a calculus yet unknown to guide the ordinary Englishman through the 'tabulated' chaos of contradictory statistics."

"That," said Truth, "comes from people and papers, and politicians consulting Party spirit and Personal interest instead of *Me*!"

"Precisely," responded her interlocutor. "By the aid of Rumour with her lying tongues, and the Party record-monger with his equally lying Tables, you are silenced or obscured, and the Public is duped and distracted."

"Quite so," said Truth; "but what do you expect me to do?"

"Well, I hardly know," said Our Interviewer, dubiously; "but I thought I'd just take counsel with you. *Magna est Veritas, et—*"

"Oh, yes," interjected Truth. "That is to say, I must prevail at last, because men must find me at last, even if they what you call 'go to the devil' before they discover me. But then they find me a little too late. One thing is clear, they must come to me, if they want me; I cannot go to them."

"Can you offer no advice, then?" said Our Interviewer, mournfully.

"Oh, yes," rejoined Truth. "Punish your Liars! Let it be understood that he who wilfully hides or distorts me is an enemy of the State, and to be treated as the traitorous cad he is. Statesman, statistician, financier, party scribe, telegraphist, wirepuller, or special correspondent, show him no mercy. Prove that you value me by downing remorselessly on my enemies, and you'll get a great deal more of me—and very much less of them. Go on tamely allowing yourself to be lied into Party blindness, national muddle, interested expenditure, and social shame, and you need expect to see no more of me than a drink-bemused night-wanderer of a cloud-obstructed moon."

MR. GREENHORN'S EXPERIENCES.

HAVING occasion to require the services of one of that useful body of professionals commonly called "Sweeps," in consequence of my new aesthetic drawing-room grate absolutely refusing to draw up the surplus smoke from my genial fire, I was waited upon by a somewhat juvenile Professor of rather *distingué* manners, and who carried the materials or implements of his useful profession, now denominated, I believe, a "Rameur," with an air and grace that was very striking. Leaving him to pursue his investigations, I was presently informed that there was no reasonable fault to be found with my aesthetic but expensive grate, but that the intolerable nuisance was occasioned by the presence of two *Standards* and a *Daily Telegraph* up what my man described as my "Drawing-Room Chimney."



Burning Eloquence.

Hastening to discover the truth of this remarkable statement, I found the professional gentleman before mentioned grinning, or perhaps I should rather say, smiling, at the discovery that these samples of unappreciated information had, judging from their respective dates, probably been concealed on my property for some six or seven months. Glancing around rather ruefully at the condition in which this removal of unwelcome "News" had left my exquisitely-furnished drawing-room, I thanked my sable friend for his invaluable discovery, and insisted upon his acceptance of an additional sixpence, to which he, almost blushingly, assented; and, with a bow that a CHESTERFIELD might have envied, assured me that he was really very much obliged to me.

The moment being favourable, I ventured to put to him a question that I have long wished to put to one of his useful but ill-paid fraternity, as follows:—

"As you know that you are necessary both to our safety and our comfort, and that we must employ you at stated periods, why do you not all combine together, like the Water Companies, and charge, as they do, according to the rental value of the house you kindly condescend to protect?"

My friend listened to me earnestly and respectfully, and then replied as follows:—

"Thank you, Sir, for your thoughtful and kind consideration for a class of men who are only sent for when necessity requires, and dismissed with alacrity at the earliest possible moment. We have often considered the matter to which you have so kindly alluded, but, Sir, believe me that, although mostly poor, we are, I hope, honest, and we should scorn to act so dishonourably as to take such a mean and even base advantage of the circumstances attending our humble calling, as to make the supply of a necessary of civilised existence a means of gross extortion."

If this be one of the many good results of School Board Education, all I can say is, that I shall bear ungrudgingly even the threatened addition of another penny to their necessarily growing rate.

JOSPEH GREENHORN.

"MUSICAL PITCH."—Our unapproachable tenor, Mr. Sims REEVES, sent one of his own brilliant notes (well within his range) to the *Times* last Thursday on this subject. He should have added (had he remembered a hint given by us, and quoted subsequently by Dr. BILSEY (*Hock!* in the *Musical World*)) that the nearest approach to the best musical pitch within his own experience was when he was got up as a musical *Tar*, and sang, in his own inimitable style, "The Bay of Biscay, O!"

"Very Digestible—Nutritious—Palatable—Satisfying—Excellent in Quality—Perfectly free from Grit—Requires neither boiling nor straining—Made in a minute." *Vide Lancet, British Medical Journal, &c.*

ALLEN AND HANBURY'S Malted Farinaceous FOOD

For INFANTS and INVALIDS.

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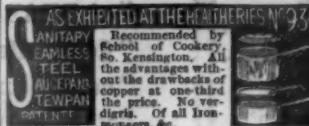
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